

Euer upon hys maysters graue he lay  
There myght no man haue hym a way  
For helle neyther for colde  
wythout it were vnyss a day  
He can aboure to get hys pray  
Of besses that were bolde  
Conys whan he myght them gete  
Thus wolde he laboure for hys mete  
yet greate honger he had in holdre  
And feuen yere he dwelled ther  
Tyl it fel on that one yere  
Euen on crystemas day  
The grehounde as the story says  
Came vnto the kynges palaces  
wythout any delay  
Whan the lordes were set to mete sone  
The grehounde int o the halle comis  
Amonge the knyghtys gay  
All aboure he gan beholde  
But he satte nat what he wolde  
Than went he hys way ful ryght  
Whan he had sought and coude nat fynde  
He dyd ful gentelmyssitude  
Spede better whan he myght  
The grehound ran forthe hys way  
And he cam whare his manster lay

kyng thought he had sene hym ere  
he wylt nat wele were

before he sayde ryght nought

he bethought hym then

it he shulde erthe hymken

sat sylle in a thought

der day in that same wylle

in the kyng from mite shulde wylle

grehounde came in tho

houte there he sought

the stuard he founde nought

agayne he began to go

sayde the kyng in that stounde

kynde that was sry rogers hounde

it went forthe wythe the quene

owe they be come agayne to thys lande

ys all thys I vnderstonde

ay ryght wele so bene

at they be to thys lande come

hall haue worde thereof sone

that wythin short space

neuer synnys they went I wys

we nat the grehounde come thys

a maruelouse case

in he comys agayne folowe hym

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Under the grene wode lynde  
Softly he went nere and nere  
He lyght on fote and by helde hym cheve  
As a knyght curteyle and kynde  
He awaked that lady of beaute  
She loked on hym ful pyteously  
And was a ferde ful loze  
He sayde what do you here madame  
Of whens be ye and what is your name  
Hauie you your men forlore  
Syr she saydes if ye wyl were  
My name is called margarete  
I paragon was I borne  
Here have I sufferd moche grefe  
Help me er out of thys my schef  
At soone to wyc that I were  
The knyght beheld that lady good  
Hym thought she was of gentyl blode  
That was so harde bestad  
He toke hym up so courtesly  
And the chylde that lay hym by  
Them bothe wryth hym he lad

Than were they of hym glad  
Greate gystes to hym was gyuen  
Of lordes and of ladys bydene  
As in bokes I haue red  
There was told that lady longe  
With hym selfe Ioy them amonge  
Wher they were never wery  
The chyde was taught greate noxture  
A mayster hym had vnder hys cure  
And taught hym cuttesy  
Thys chyld waxed wonder wel  
Of greate stature bothe of fleshe and fel  
Every man loued hym truly  
Of theyt company all folke were glady  
Now other cause in dede they had  
The chyld was gentyl and bolde  
Nowe of the quene late we be  
And of the grebounde speke we  
That I erise of tolde  
Longe seuen yere so god me saue  
He dyd kepe hys maysters graue  
All wher he waxed olde

Chas 120  
yet greate honter he had in hys brygge  
And seuen yere he dwelled ther  
Cyl it fel on that one yere  
Euen on crystmas day  
The grehounde as the story says  
Came unto the kynges palayes  
Wythous any delay  
Whan the lordes were set to mete  
The grehounde int o the halle comynge  
Amonge the knyghtys gay  
All about he gan beholde  
But he sawe nat what he wold  
Than went he hys way ful ryght  
Whan he had sought and coulde nat fynd  
He dyd ful gentely hys kynde  
Spede better whan he myght  
The grehounde ran forthe hys way  
Cyl he cam where hys mayster lay  
As fast as euer he mought  
The kyng maruelled of that done  
From whens he came and whither he ye  
D, whos hym thyder broughe

þe hounde came in tho  
oute there he sought  
þe quard he founde nought

agayne he began to go

sayde the kyng in that stunde

What is the best way to manage your money?

At roas lyt togers houres  
In the monthes the quens

The Wythe the quene

be come agayne to thy lande

# Psalmus 3 vndersteonde

le regne de l'apostolat de l'Esprit saint.

to the land of the living  
and to the land of the dead.

it they be to thys lande come  
this is a recorde therof from

all haue worde therof longe

hat wythin shott space

ther knyss they went

at the grebounde come thys

be nat the gre hounde to me by the <sup>2</sup> ~~2~~  
mornynge as he comys

maruelouse case

he comys agayne folowe hym

erm me he swyl eynig

er in one he wyl tynde  
a waster dwelleynge

...s master dwellynge  
...sake not spare

and go loose ye not spare. b. 5. 2. 2. ap.

hat ye come there

# Patent Office Cases Ex parte and ex parte of the Commissioner

— *Anthony Quinn*